

## BUGS ON THE TRACK.

They Swarm in a Quarry and Stop a Locomotive.

Thousands of the Insects Crushed Beneath the Iron Wheels with Reports Resembling Exploding Torpedoes.

Southeast of Brighton Corners on the Lackawanna railroad are extensive limestone quarries which have been in operation for many years and have penetrated deeply into the rock, says a Syracuse correspondent of the New York Tribune. Through the cut thus made and into the quarries a branch track has been laid from the Lackawanna road for the hauling of the heavy stone. Night work being necessary a large part of the time, an are light has been placed high over the track of the darkest part of the cut. Several cars were loaded for shipment and left on the switch pending the observance of Memorial day. At night, in preparation for drawing the cars out, the electric light was put in and an engine with the necessary crew left the city for the quarries. What was the surprise of all hands upon reaching the scene of operations to find the track beneath the electric light completely thronged with strange insects of great size, some of them lying perfectly still in bunches and some of them playing a sort of leap-frog game. They covered a space of not less than sixty feet along the tracks, though toward either boundary of the occupied territory they grew fewer, as the rays of light began to grow dimmer. These pickets, or skirmishers, were one and all of a most lively disposition, and ran over the ground with that lightninglike rapidity which characterized the movements of the electric light bugs that made their appearance all over the country soon after the system of electric lighting became of general adoption in cities.

The locomotive continued on its way, and as the drivers rolled over the insects the insects died with a crackling sound like the successive explosions of toy torpedoes. But this was at the beginning of the swarm. As the iron monster plowed its way along the bugs became more numerous and the crackling grew to a monotonous din, as though some firecracker storehouse had been touched off in a hundred places, until in the thick of the swarm the engine was brought to a stop, the drivers refusing to catch on the now slippery rails, graced by the crushed and slaughtered bugs. An examination of the insects showed a resemblance to the electric-light bug, though they are somewhat larger than those bugs, the outer shell of the back being about the size and shape of half a shanghai-egg shell. It was this turtle-like armor with which the insects are equipped that made the crackling sound as the wheels passed over them. The shell is black and partakes of the nature of stone, having a stately structure and being brittle. This property of the shell set the more thoughtful people to thinking and observing, and after a time search along the sides of the cut revealed innumerable small holes in the rock, which seemed to have been bored into it by some agency not that of man, and in them were traces of a peculiar oval shape hatched and some apparently blighted. An erudite reclusa whose abode is in the neighborhood of the quarries had by this time appeared, for news of the strange occurrence had spread rapidly. His opinion was that the bugs that blocked the track were the issue of a rare species of lithodome, a rock-boring mollusk—crossed with some kind of predatory insect. To secure the shipment of the freight it became necessary to let the loaded train from above in the quarry come down the grade of the cut. Gathering momentum all the time, its impetus when it came to the obstruction carried it by the bugs.

## LOQUACITY OF BARBERS.

The Conversation Dodge Merely One of the Tricks of the Trade.

"A great deal has been said about the talkativeness of barbers," said a veteran wielder of razors to a New York Telegram man, "but if those who try to be funny on that subject were better posted they would find a reason for it other than the mere loquacity of the barber. We discovered long ago that it was infinitely easier to handle a customer when we could get him interested in conversation. This is particularly true of a nervous or fidgety man, who, if the operation goes on in silence, becomes restless and growls at the razor, or objects to the way in which he is being shaved. The talk takes his mind away from his face, so that he is often surprised to find the work finished when he thought it had scarcely begun.

"You have probably noticed that a barber never gets into an argument with his customer, but that his opinions veer around like a weather vane to suit those of the particular man upon whom he may be operating at the time. The conversation dodge is merely one of the tricks of the trade. Customers who show by their manner that they prefer to be alone with their thoughts while under the razor are never annoyed more than once by the talkative barber.

"Of course there are a few younger members of the tonsorial fraternity who use little judgment in talking to customers, and no one is more amused than their fellow-barbers when they get a set-back from some irascible-tempered victim of their gabble. The fustianous young man who used to put small curls in his ears or put on a pair of ear cuffs, when he climbed into the barber's chair seems to have become extinct."

## A Cold Cure.

A great unexplored cave was recently found near Clifton, Pa., which emits a sort of blue fog, chill as from a powerful refrigerator. A pile of water suspended at a depth of ten feet was drawn up after four hours and found to be almost a solid cake of ice. As far as known no living animal could remain in the opening for more than a few minutes.

## A CITY ON A MOUND.

The Strange Location of Acoma in New Mexico.

A Visit to the Homes of an Indian Tribe Who Live at an Altitude of Four Hundred Feet in the Air.

The pueblo of Acoma, situated ninety miles west of Albuquerque, is one of the most remarkable communities in the world, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly. To reach it you take the Atlantic & Pacific railway to McCarthy's station, and then transfer to a pony and ride eighteen miles, south by east. When near your journey's end you descend almost imperceptibly into a valley six miles in width, in the middle of which stands a huge mound, and on the top of this is Acoma. Eight hundred people are living in this place, and they and their ancestors have gathered their possessions there for nearly three centuries.

This mound is one of many that are the remains of a range of hills which has been worn away by the erosion of the ages, and survives only in the flat-topped elevations here and there. The valleys between are fertile, and untold generations of men have seen them covered with grain and flocks of sheep. Some time in the seventeenth century the Laguno or Valley Indians made war upon the Acomas for the possession of the country, and the latter, being the weaker, occupied this mountain as a position believed to be impregnable. The height above the valley is nearly four hundred feet, and the walls in several places nearly perpendicular. There are two means of ascent, one by a flight of steps cut into the face of the wall and rising at an angle of 42 degrees, and the other by a fissure in the rocks leading up into the heart of the mountain. Both ways have been trodden by human feet until the steps are hollowed out like shallow troughs. Either one is exceedingly difficult; neither is tolerably safe. We choose the one along the fissure. With all the danger and fatigue, it is a laughable sight to see a person—some other—make the ascent. One has to stride over the fissure, one foot on the right-hand side and the other on the left, and at the same time press the hands alternately against the rocks for support. An Indian will throw a live sheep around his neck and go up quite rapidly without touching the rocks with either hand, but I am satisfied I could never do it. They told us of a pathetic incident that occurred on the outer stairway some generations ago. Several men started up, each with a sheep on his back. When near the top the sheep carried by the foremost man became restless, and the shepherd in trying to hold it fast lost his footing, and in falling swept his companions over the precipice, and they all fell on the rocks in a lifeless heap. The Indians have carved a representation of the incident on a rock near where it occurred, which scarcely serves to steady the nerves of those who go by that route.

The top of the elevation is level and contains an area of sixty or seventy acres. At one side stands the pueblo, a blunt pyramid of adobe and stone honeycombed with rooms, at the other the church and graveyard, and near the center a pond of pure water thirty feet deep and several rods in extent. The priest was made acquainted with the object of our visit, and the ringing of the church bell brought the inhabitants of the village round us. As night approached a number of the men who had been at work in the valley came up, bringing delicious peaches and grapes, which we were glad to accept. We slept in the church wrapped up in our Navajo blankets, and never felt more secure or happier in our lives.

When the dawn appeared through the little mica window panes it revealed great roof beams more than a foot in diameter and thirty or forty feet long, and a bell that was cast in 1710. How these immense timbers and this bell were got to the top of this cliff no one living knows. The Indians shake their heads and the priest shakes his, but no one ventures an opinion. The timbers are there, however, as witnessed, and morning and night, as the seasons come and go and generations pass away, the bell speaks for itself in the silvery tones that pleased its founder in far-off Spain. The adobe—or the earth of which they were made—were brought up from the valley also, for the top of the butte was a bald rock in the beginning. And the earth for the graves came the same way, requiring forty years, the priest said, to complete the graveyard.

## A Populous Country.

The population of British India, according to the census that was taken in February last, now runs up to 220,500,000, or an increase within ten years of 26,000,000. There is an additional population of 65,000,000 in those East Indian states that are under feudatory rule subject to British influence, with British protection. The peasants in some of the congested districts are seeking new homes in regions where the population is less dense than it is in the provinces of Bengal and Oudh. Mr. Gibson says that in the single province of Bengal, which has an area only one-twenty-third as large as that of the United States, the population is 8,633,000 more than that of the American republic, though Bengal is almost wholly agricultural and has scarcely any large manufacturing centers. In that province there are 715 persons to every square mile of cultivatable land.

## The Result of Indecision.

"He that will not when he may," is likely to repent his indecision for many a long day afterwards. A lady who had spent a weary hour in "beating down" a salesman at a Turkish shop in Paris, returned the next day prepared to purchase. "I believe you said twenty francs," she began taking out her purse. "Ninety, madam!" answered the smiling Turk. "But you came down to twenty!" "Ah, that was yesterday, madam. Everything goes up again in the night!"

## IT WAS RAINING.

New Story Which Illustrates the Imbecility of Some People.

Many of our everyday remarks, said Eli Perkins, when analyzed philosophically, are very absurd, but still they have a humorous side. The other morning, while the rain was pouring down and everybody's umbrella was trickling over everybody else, two old friends met at the post office.

"Raining, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

"What say?" asked Thompson, who was hard of hearing.

"I say it's raining."

"I don't quite catch what you say," said Thompson, putting his hand to his ear.

"I say," roared Johnson, with full force, "it's raining—raining day!"

Thompson's face colored with suppressed rage as he passed on. Then, turning suddenly, he looked at his friend and shouted:

"Johnson, step into this doorway a moment."

As the two men stood there gesticulating wildly, I heard this dialogue, only interrupted by rain drops and gleams of lightning:

"Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Thompson, earnestly, "you have known me for many years?"

"Yes."

"I'm generally rated a pretty shrewd business man, ain't I?"

"Yes; you are rated high."

"Well, you see the rain running off this umbrella, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Your own feet are wet?"

"Yes."

"Now, I don't carry this umbrella to keep the sun off, do I?"

"Why, no."

"I carry it to keep off the rain, don't I?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, it rains. You know it rains. Everybody knows it rains. People are not idiots. Now, what infernal design have you got in pushing aside my umbrella and saying: 'Raining, isn't it?'"

"But—But—"

"Now, that's all. You just let it rain. She knows her business. You just attend to your own affairs and let the weather alone. If you don't know enough to know when it's raining, don't ask me. Good day, sir!"

And then Mr. Thompson shook the rain off his umbrella, stepped into his bank and commenced cutting off his coupons.

WITNESSES OF THE PAST.

Many Statues of Bonaparte Erected in Corsica.

One cannot fail to be struck by the fact that the influence, I might almost say the presence, of the Bonaparte family is everywhere apparent in the "Green Island," says a writer in the New York Sun. At Ajaccio on the market place the woman curtsy before the statue of the first consul, on another square he towers amid his brothers in the garb of a Roman emperor. Behind the cathedral the central they show the basin that held the water for his baptism, and in the old house the hard soil on which he was born, and the trap door leading to the subterranean passage by which he escaped to the harbor one night when he discovered that he was tracked by spies.

Where he himself is not the members of his family are. Their portraits are in the museums, their works in the libraries. His mother is buried in the Bonaparte chapel with the simple epitaph, Mater Regum. His father stands erect at the Hotel de Ville in a red, gold-laced coat.

There also are his brothers—Joseph in a royal mantle, Louis in a gray uniform, Jerome on a ship, Lucien abstractedly dreaming under a tree. By a tragical antithesis the bust of the king of Rome faces the mask of Napoleon dead, and the contrast between these silent witnesses of a distant past is painfully accentuated by the busy, cheerful hum of the bright adjoining thoroughfare.

## STRANGE WEDDING PRESENTS.

Anything from a Lizard to an Elephant Serves in Sumatra.

Among Kubus of Sumatra the tender passion is most prosaically dealt with. It would seem that delicate susceptibilities have but slight chance of development among so untidy, so thrifless a people. Their lives are seldom marked by progress; they seem content to go on their ways exactly as their forefathers and foremothers have traveled.

Very simple indeed is the marriage ceremony. A Kubu youth, having settled in his own mind his choice interview the parents of the maiden, mentioning what he can offer in return. If late bargains with the itinerant vender have been gratifying, he may have in hand a knife, a spear, or some strips of gay cloth—possibly money, if he has acted as guide or burden-bearer to travelers. There may also be dammar and beeswax, rare fruits and favorite animals for food (a dainty snake or nimble lizard), all most acceptable in the eyes of the father and house-mother. Should this queer endowment fund be satisfactorily large, neighbors are called together, who are seated with due formality under a tree. The father of the maiden then publicly announces his consent to the betrothal, shows the presents received from the young man, and expresses his pleasure.

## The Grave of Miles Standish.

The place where Capt. Miles Standish, the warrior chieftain of the early settlers at Plymouth, Mass., was buried is believed to have been established beyond doubt. According to tradition, he was laid at rest in an old burial ground, between the bodies of his daughter Lora and his daughter-in-law Mary Standish, the grave being marked by two triangular pyramidal stones. A grave answering this description was recently opened at Duxbury, Mass., by the local rural society and found to contain the bones of an old and powerfully built man. In graves at either side were the bones of two young women, and further along in the row were the graves of two children, supposed to be Miles Standish's sons, who died in boyhood.

## COLONIAL TITLES.

Only the Ministers and a Few Other Called Mister.

The founders of Boston were thoroughly English in their social traditions, says the Youth's Companion. They believed in distinctions of rank. Only a few persons of unquestioned eminence, including ministers and their wives, received the title of mister and mistress. The higher magistrates also took the title, but deputies to the general court were not honored with it. They, along with the great body of citizens, were dubbed goodmen and their wives goodwives.

If a mister lost his reputation—in those days that followed immediately upon his loss of character—he was degraded to the rank of goodman. Officers of the church and of the militia received the titles of their rank or office. Servants were not honored by any prefix to their names. They were plain John or James.

The distinctions of rank were also preserved by differences in the style and material of dress. But a democratic leaven and a desire for fine clothes were both at work. They soon told upon the manners of the settlers.

Within fifteen years of the settlement of the town men in humble station began to dress as their betters. Doubtless they felt as Pat did, who gave it, as his opinion that "every man was as good as any other man, and a great deal better."

The statute books show that the magistrates were sorely troubled, both to preserve the traditional distinction in dress and to keep the fashion within the bounds of decorum.

A man not worth two hundred pounds was forbidden to wear gold or silver lace or buttons or points at the knees. Women whose property did not reach two hundred pounds in value were ordered not to wear silk, or tiffany hoods, or scarfs, or any apparel with any lace on it, gold, silver or thread.

The general court was plain spoken in giving its reasons for enacting this law. It records "its utter detestation and dislike that men \* \* \* of mean condition should take upon them the garb of gentlemen."

The court's "detestation and dislike" also extends to "women of the same rank," who wear the garments "allowable to persons of greater estates or more liberal education." Such practices "in persons of such condition," the court judges "intolerable."

One cannot help but ask what would the general court have done with the servants of these days, who not only imitate their mistresses' dresses, but sometimes wear them.

But though "intolerable," the court had to endure not only the leveling spirit, but the desire for display. They passed laws against "slashed clothes," which showed the line underneath, and against short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered.

But the democratic spirit, aided by the women's fondness for dress, was too strong for the legislators to master it. They reluctantly acknowledged that the colony had outgrown its minority and was not to be retained in leading strings by abolishing these sumptuary laws. The fops and coquettes thenceforth were allowed to dress as their want of taste should dictate.

## WILD HOGS ON THE COLORADO.

Ferocious Creatures That Inhabit the Region South of Yuma.

Roaming over the lands of the Lerdo colony, seventy miles south of Yuma, are droves of wild hogs, variously estimated at from one thousand to three thousand in number. They are descendants of tame hogs placed on the ranch when Thomas H. Blythe was part owner, about thirteen years ago. After Blythe's decease and subsequent reversion of his interest to Gen. Andrade, the hogs were turned loose and allowed to go at will over the rich bottom lands of the Colorado river. A few generations transformed them into savage beasts, who would attack and eat a man if they had the opportunity. They subsist chiefly on the wild potato, a tuber which grows the size of a walnut and in great profusion. The present owner of Lerdo, Gen. Andrade, conceived the idea of having the hogs caught and the meat cured for the use of the colonists.

Operations were begun about a year ago, says the Chicago Post, and, though not conducted on a large scale, have proven successful. The hogs are caught in a circular corral about thirty feet in diameter, having a trap door. Plenty of bait in the shape of corn and potatoes is scattered about the entrance and also buried in the canal. A band of hogs are attracted by the bait, enter the corral, commence rooting for the buried corn and potatoes, and when the right spot is struck by them the trap door falls and they are prisoners. The hogs are fed awhile before slaughtering. Their meat is of fine quality and the lard sweet and delicious.

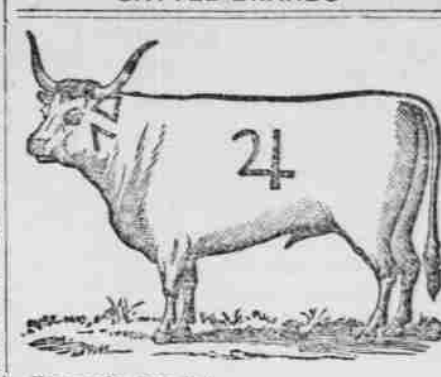
## Early Use of Bells.

The use of bells in places devoted to religious purposes is very ancient, dating many centuries before the Christian era. In China, long before the time of Christ, bells were hung at the temple gate and the worshiper on entering rung them to attract the attention of the deity he was about to honor. Bells were common in India at the time of Pliny, and it is believed that they came into Europe in the first or second century. They were first used on Christian churches A. D. 400, in Nola, Italy, not so much to give notice of the time of worship as from an idea that their music drove away evil spirits and protected the people of the parish from thunder and lightning.

## English Justice.

The well-known freaks of English justice are illustrated by the case of a man at Arundel, charged with having injured some turnip tops. The foreman of the prosecutor testified that some turnip tops found in the pocket of the prisoner fitted the turnips in his master's field, and on this evidence the accused was sentenced to pay a fine of seven dollars and fifty cents, or go to prison for fourteen days.

## CATTLE BRANDS.



Ear mark: Crop left.

Post office: Springfield, A. T.

Horse Brand: left hip.

OTHER BRANDS

left thigh. A left jaw.

left hip.

Ear mark: Swo low fork left.

BULL & SHONE.

Post office: Taylor, Arizona Territory. M 2

Range: Lower Show Low.

Horse Brand: J S left shoulder.

CLOUIS HUNING.

Post office: Taylor, Apache county, Arizona.

Range: Show Low creek, Silver creek, Laguna

Oriega and Laguna Salada.

Horse brand C C left shoulder.

A. A. ARMSTRONG.

Post office: Taylor, Apache county, Arizona.

Range: Silver Creek and Fly Hollow.

Ear mark: Crop and split right, over half crop left.

All increase branded as in cut on left side.

I own all cattle branded on both sides

on left side, on both hips, and

AA on left hip.

Horses branded on left

AA on left hip.

on left thigh, and

AA on left shoulder.

ml 5 91

Johnson Brothers

Post office: Navajo Springs, Arizona.

Range: Ojos Bueltos and Pine Springs, Valen-

cia county, N. M., and Zuni river, Apache county, A. T.

Horse Brand Y right shoulder.

Ear mark: Crop right, under bit left.

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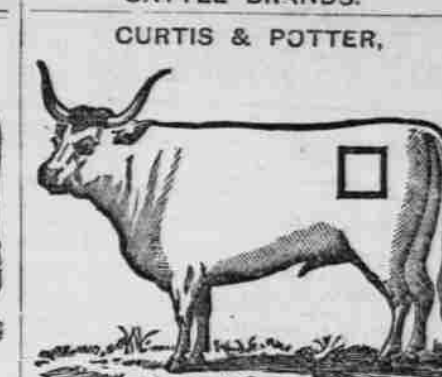
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Range: Ojos Bueltos and Pine Springs, Valen-

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## CATTLE BRANDS.



Ear mark: Crop right, over bit left.

Calves branded as in cut on both hips.

Post Office: Woodruff, Arizona.

HORSE BRANDS.

on left thigh, or on left hip.

Ear mark: Crop right, over bit left.

Calves branded as in cut on both hips.

Post Office: Woodruff, Arizona.